

QUARTERLY NEWS LETTER

Volume xxxi Fall 1966 Number 4

The Silverado Episode

By Norman H. Strouse

SERENDIPITY
NOTES ON PUBLICATIONS :: EXHIBITIONS
ELECTED TO MEMBERSHIP
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*Published for its members by The Book Club of California
545 Sutter Street, San Francisco*

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The Club is limited to 875 members. When vacancies exist membership is open to all who are in sympathy with its aims and whose applications are approved by the Board of Directors. Regular membership involves no responsibilities beyond payment of the annual dues. Dues date from the month of the member's election. Regular membership is \$15.00; Sustaining, \$25.00; Patron, \$100.00.

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QUARTERLY NEWS-LETTER

VOLUME XXXI

FALL 1966

NUMBER FOUR

THE SILVERADO EPISODE

By Norman H. Strouse*

IT IS NOT AN uncommon experience for people who live in a neighborhood or an area of substantial historical or literary interest to remain completely unaware of its significance. Such is the case with many of the residents of the verdant Napa Valley, which lies a crow's-flight forty miles slightly northeast of San Francisco.

Napa is a noted wine valley, growing many of the outstanding varietal grapes. Within a radius of five miles of St. Helena, a little town located well into the heart of the valley, stand the fine old wineries with such splendid names as Beaulieu, Inglenook, Krug, Beringer, Louis Martini and Christian Brothers. It is a thoroughly cosmopolitan valley, and remarkably unspoiled. Thirty-one hundred people comprise the little town of St. Helena, with a veritable United Nations of nationalities—English, French, Swiss, Italian, Armenian and German. Spanish, too, of course.

The Spanish padre, Junipero Serra, brought the first grape cuttings to California from Europe as early as 1769, to plant them at the missions to provide for sacramental wines. But it remained for a Hungarian nobleman, Agoston Haraszthy, who came to California in 1849, to become known as the father of modern wine growing, with his once-majestic vineyards in Sonoma County, a few miles over the

*Mr. Strouse, a long-time member of the Club, is Chairman of the Board of J. Walter Thompson Co. This article is based on a talk he gave to friends of the Grosse Point Library, Grosse Point, Michigan.

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Mayacama Mountains from Napa, in an area probably best known for its settings for Jack London's novel, *Valley of the Moon*.

The main business street of St. Helena is four blocks long, about as it was thirty-six years ago when I first visited it. San Francisco's metropolitan sprawl has pushed south, moving stealthily toward the colorful Monterey Peninsula. By contrast, although one can drive from St. Helena to downtown San Francisco in an hour and twenty minutes, the area is still completely untouched by the greedy hand of the mass developer or subdivider, completely insulated from the racing traffic of that modern interloper, the four-to-six-lane divided expressway.

Eight miles further up the valley under the shadow of Mount St. Helena, a long inactive volcano that blocks the north end of Napa Valley, is another little town, Calistoga, which rests on top of subterranean pockets of boiling water, and sports an authentic geyser at its outskirts. Here, in the mid-nineteenth century, Samuel Brannan, a wealthy entrepreneur, dreamed of developing a great spa. He did in fact wangle a railroad up the valley from the State Legislature, and built a lush resort hotel which later burned down. There remains little at Calistoga to remind one of these early dreams except a few buildings housing mineral baths, a half-dozen motels, and some early place names. Today, a hundred yards from a two-block main street of stores and restaurants there is the little local airport where, on Sundays, a cluster of country people and Sunday drivers gather to watch the "in" group of our space age take off and land in gliders, or drop out of the air in colorful parachutes.

Against this backdrop, there strides through the upper valley the slender, eager ghost of Robert Louis Stevenson, poet, essayist, humanist—almost forgotten in the dramatic setting of what was the climax of the most romantic episode in his life eighty-six years ago. Few valley residents have ever read Stevenson's *The Silverado Squatters*, one of his most beautiful prose works that describes the several months in 1880 he spent with his new bride and twelve-year-old stepson in the abandoned bunkhouse of the old Silverado Mine high on the shoulder of Mount St. Helena.

It was during my first visit to the Napa Valley in 1930 that I became acquainted with Stevenson's identification with the area, and searched out the location of the old bunkhouse. One had the impression of having stumbled onto an empty stage. All was silent. All

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seemingly unchanged since the little cast of players read their lines and moved on. The bunkhouse was gone, to be sure, and a modest granite memorial marks the site. But the vertical scar of the mine, the platform and spill of rocks, the evergreens enshrouding the surrounding hilltops and canyons, all these match squarely with the descriptions from Stevenson's pen.

The experience left a deep impression on me, and I began to read more about Stevenson's life. This led ultimately to a collection of first editions, autograph material and memorabilia. When I founded a private press in 1950, it seemed inevitable that it should be named The Silverado Press.

It is not possible in an article such as this to do more than sketch in with lightly pencilled outlines the life of Stevenson at Silverado. He was a wanderer from his early youth, seeking maturity, seeking health, seeking serenity within the framework of an affectionate family, all those things which came to him finally, if only for a brief three years, on the remote island of Samoa in the South Pacific, where his remains have rested for the past seventy years on the summit of Mount Vaea.

Silverado fell almost exactly at the midpoint of Stevenson's adult life. It was a crucial transition from irresponsibility to an emotional lodestar that gave meaning both to his life and to his writings. It was as if his life were momentarily suspended while awaiting the outcome of a rash single throw of the dice. This is what lends to the Silverado "episode" its high sense of drama.

★ ★ ★

Upon arrival at Calistoga, Robert Louis Stevenson and his bride registered at the Hot Springs Hotel. Fanny soon persuaded Stevenson to move from the main building to one of the small five-room cottages on the grounds where he could not only have greater privacy but also the extra food he needed as a convalescent. He had already been at work on the journal notes of his experience travelling to the valley, and had lost no time in reconnoitering the area and making friends with the valley residents. His *Journal* notes of May 24th, only five days after his wedding, tell of a drive up into the Mayacamas to visit the Petrified Forest, and record in his colorful style his conversation with the proprietor, "a brave, old white-faced Swede" named C. Evans. Two days later he was off to visit the wine cellars of Jacob Schram who had founded his vineyard estate eighteen years earlier,

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and a winery which still operates today. Schram not being at home, Stevenson "fell back on his near neighbor, Mr. McEckron" and "went into his cellar and tasted his wines, red wines, respectively one and two years old."

Two days later he tried the Schrams again, with success, and joined the German and his wife in tasting "every shade and description of Schramberger, red and white, Sch. Burgundy, Schr. Hock, Schr. Golden Chasselas, the latter with notable bouquet, and I hesitate to say how many others." This hesitation did not extend to his journal notes, in which he mentions "eighteen different liquors yesterday."

Quite in the mood for further study of the wines of the valley, Stevenson made a foray toward St. Helena where he visited Beringer Brothers, even then "a great wine house, with huge cellarage in the hill and thousands on thousands on thousands of gallons lying ready for the market on maturing."

As Stevenson still believed that he had been disowned by his parents as a result of his rash adventure, he did not suspect that a check for 250 pounds from his father was being held for him in the New York postoffice. He considered himself well-nigh penniless, and the cost of ten dollars per week per person was worrying him. Accommodations of a more modest nature seemed necessary. Through a local storekeeper, the newlyweds were directed to an abandoned mining town named Silverado, on the shoulder of Mount St. Helena, over two thousand feet above the little hot springs town, where it was reported an old bunkhouse remained in which they might find rent-free squatters accommodations. The storekeeper, with his wife and a friend with a little daughter, drove the Stevensons up the old toll road to the pass where the road drops off into Lake County. There they spent the night at the Toll House Hotel, which still existed, although abandoned, when I first visited the area. The next day they were hard at work settling down in the three-story bunkhouse, clearing out the rubbish and making reasonably acceptable living quarters out of a building that had not known guests, except for an occasional tramp or hunter, for two or three decades.

For two months at Silverado, Robert Louis Stevenson found rest, fresh air and warm sunshine, contentment and rare health. He roamed the mountainside; he visited the inhabitants in the valley below; he talked with the passing strangers at the Toll House Hotel; he heard tall tales of bold highwaymen and intrepid stage coach drivers; ex-

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plored the rugged terrain of his mountain "empire," watched the drama of the sea fogs as they attempted entry to the valley from the south, researched the history of the abandoned Silverado mine—and wrote of all this in his diary. His "Silverado Journal," a meticulous record of his experiences, was distilled into his famed *Silverado Squatters* when he returned to England. Many of his notes of the enchanting, almost primitive scenery around him later provided much of the descriptive detail for *Treasure Island*.

The relationship between Stevenson and his new stepson grew close during these summer days. He instructed Lloyd in Euclid and other classics. He collaborated with him in the printing of several ephemeral items on their toy handpress, items that taunt the most ardent collector by their rarity. This little press now rests in the Robert Louis Stevenson Memorial House in Edinburgh.

Meanwhile, word reached the couple of his parents' acceptance of their marriage, along with the bank draft that relieved their somewhat desperate financial situation. Plans were under way immediately for their return to England as soon as Stevenson's health permitted.

Although he was a superb correspondent during his later years, Stevenson wrote few letters at Silverado. In the great Beinecke collection at Yale, only four letters are noted, three from Stevenson, and one from Fanny, to which Louis added a postscript.

The first letter was to his literary agent in London, Sidney Colvin, written in two parts, the first in Oakland, during Stevenson's recuperation and prior to his marriage, in which he speaks of his health and keen anticipation of the curative virtues of the mountain valley:

"My teeth and the bad weather still keep me here unmarried; but not, I earnestly hope, for long. Whenever I get into the mountains, I trust I shall rapidly pick up. Until I get away from these sea fogs and my imprisonment in the house, I do not hope to do much more than keep from active harm . . . It is a change I want, and the blessed sun, and a gentle air in which I can sit out and see the trees and running water; these mere defensive hygienics cannot advance one, though they may prevent evil. I do nothing now; but try to possess my soul in peace, and continue to possess my body on any terms."

Two weeks later Stevenson finishes the letter from Calistoga.

"Here we are Fanny and I and a certain hound in a lovely valley under Mount Saint Helena . . . rather wondering when we shall begin to look around for a house of our own."

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Then after discussing literary matters with his agent, he ends by expressing his hopes for more permanent quarters:

“We hope to get a house at Silverado, a deserted mining camp, eight miles up the mountain, now solely inhabited by a mighty hunter, Ruf Hansome, who slew last year a hundred and fifty deer.”

Two or three weeks after settling at Silverado, near-disaster fell on the squatters as Fanny and her son Sam (later Lloyd) came down with diphtheria. In an undated letter, probably written mid-June, Stevenson wrote his father and mother under a Calistoga date line:

“It is a great while since I have written, and then only a note; but I am not so much to blame as I appear. Both Fanny and Sam have been very sick, with no less than diphtheria, and I was afraid to tell you . . . I had to get down from Silverado double quick; had I not been so quick we might all three have been dead; for though Sam was not very bad, and Fanny had only a slight case, yet he was pretty weak, and she was nearly three days more or less out of her head and quite unable to take any nourishment, and you can imagine what that would have been for me in such a place, with all the walking to do as well as to take care of these sick folk.”

Stevenson then talks about alternative plans for return to England and reconciliation with his parents:

“I am very homesick, for once; I suppose from perversity, because it is for once really rather a difficult thing to get home; and also because I want to see both of you after so long an absence—the longest we have ever had—and all the more because you have both been kinder to me this time, as it seems to me, all the sum of your former kindnesses would amount to. I have a very big heart when I think of it all; and I will say this, if you can love my wife, it will, I believe, make me love both her and you the better.”

On June 30, back at Silverado, Stevenson wrote his mother once more, a short note concerning his improving health and more specific plans for departure:

“You must indeed pardon me. This life takes up all my time and strength. By the time I have had my two sun baths and my two rubs down with oil, and given Sam his lessons and written a bit of diary, I have no stomach for more. I am truly better; I am

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allowed to do nothing; never leave our little platform in the canyon, nor do a stroke of work; that, and sunbaths and oil are, I think, doing me great good. We shall probably leave for the East in a fortnight or three weeks from now; but we shall travel slowly and I do not expect to reach England before the end of September."

Characteristically, Stevenson did not mail the letter right off, and added a further note under date of July 6th:

"This is too bad. I firmly thought this was posted, and it seems it was not so much as finished. I am a most useless person. And overfatigued myself again the other day, with the usual symptoms of cramp in the stomach; but no one to see me, would now think I was an invalid. A barber who shaved me six weeks ago, cried out with wonder at the change. He told me he had thought me on my last legs even then, and scarce knew me in my improved state. I wish I could tell you when we start; I hope in a few days now."

But they were still there ten days later, when Fanny wrote her first letter to her new mother-in-law. It was from Silverado. The date was July 6, 1880. It was an anxious letter. Fanny was forty years of age, eleven years her husband's senior. She was a divorcee, at a time when divorce was not socially acceptable. Stevenson had defied the urgent pleas of parents and friends, risking his health and reputation in a mad dash to reach the side of one who seemed to them an adventuress. Despite the cable of forgiveness that had eventually reached the married Stevensons, it must have been with apprehension that Fanny, so eager to please her husband's parents, sat down to write this masterful letter:

California
July 6, 1880

"My dear Mrs. Stevenson:

I am afraid you think it strange that I have not written before, but I really have not been able. Louis tells me that you know something of the effects of diphtheria, it is over a month now since my attack, and I have not yet altogether recovered . . . I tried last night to write to Auntie in return for her kind letter to Louis, my first attempt since my illness, but I find such difficulty in framing a sentence, finding the word I meant to use, and even in spelling words properly, that I almost gave it up, so if in this

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letter I do not say quite what I mean, I hope you will understand and excuse it . . . As to my dear boy's appearance, he improves every day in the most wonderful way, so that I fancy by the time you see him you will hardly know that he has ever been ill at all. I do try to take care of him; the old doctor insists that my nursing saved him; I cannot quite think so myself as I shouldn't have known what to do without the doctor's advice, but even having it said is a pleasure to me. Taking care of Louis is, as you must know, very like angling for trout; one must understand when to pay out the line, and exercise the greatest caution in drawing him in. I am becoming more expert, though it is an anxious business. I do not believe any of Louis' friends outside of his own family have ever realized how very low he has been: letters followed him continually imploring, almost demanding, his immediate return to England, when the least fatigue, the shortest journey might, and probably would have proved fatal; and, which at the moment filled my heart with bitterness against them, they actually asked for work. Now, at least, I think he may venture to make the journey without fear, though every step must be made cautiously. I am sure, now, that he is on the high road to recovery and health, and I believe that his best medicine will be the meeting with you and his father for whom he pines like a child . . . Louis has come out of this illness a better man than he was before (not that I did not think him good always; but) the atmosphere of the valley of the shadow is purifying to a trim soul and though he may be no nearer your hearts than before I believe you will take more comfort in your son now than you have ever done. I trust that in about two weeks we will be able to start; and perhaps in less time than that. I think with you that Louis' description of me sounds a little too cool for the understanding of strangers. Please remember that my photograph is flattering; unfortunately all photographs of me are; I can get none other. At the same time, in spite of the description, Louis thinks me, and to him I believe I am, the most beautiful creature in the world. It is because he loves me he thinks that, so I am very glad. I do as earnestly hope that you will like me, but that can only be for what I am to you after you know me, and I do not want you to be disappointed in the beginning in anything about me; even in as small a thing as my looks. Louis and

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I were both so pleased with and proud of his father's picture, but correspondingly disappointed that there was none of you. Louis is, I know, a mother's boy, and I am sure he looks like you; I hoped to be able to trace the likeness. However, I shall soon be able to do that without a photograph . . .

Your fancy that I may be a business person is a sad mistake. I am no better in that than Louis. I am ashamed to say that I never even know the date, and have many doubts about even the year. I wonder if you have business capacity. Louis, being so much like you should have inherited it if you have. I hope you haven't lest I seem too poor a creature in comparison. Louis has gifts that compensate for any lack; I fear it is only a genius that is allowed to be stupid in ordinary things.

I am afraid I cannot write any more. Perhaps you think I have written too much, though I believe the one subject upon which I love to write will never weary Louis' mother.

As soon as possible I will write to Mr. Stevenson. In the meantime I send him my affectionate regards and thank him for his sweet letter.

Ever yours,

Fanny V. de G. Stevenson"

Stevenson penned a short postscript:

"Why Fanny talks of me as a genius always I know not. She got a letter from Auntie which may have undermined her; or else it is soft sawder to you—"Taffy" as it is called here; for I am happy to say she thinks no such thing. We hope to be off in a week. Any place you choose, of course, we go to: in England, France, or Switzerland . . . You need write no more to California; as before this reaches I trust we shall be far to the East.

Your loving son,

R. L. S."

Those few who find their way to the old bunkhouse where the Stevensons "squatted" may find the site a disappointment today. Little remains to identify the setting except the old vertical mine shaft and the spill of rocks over which one must climb to reach the "platform." Even the slab of Scotch granite in the shape of a book, erected by the Club Women of Napa County in 1911, is rapidly eroding. The engraved verse awaits a brighter day when the Stevenson Park attracts more thoughtful attention from the State. Meanwhile

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the lines carry a feeling of nostalgic loneliness for those who love Stevenson:

Doomed . . . to know not Winter, only Spring, a being
Trode the flowery April blithely for awhile.
Took his fill of music, joy of thought and seeing,
Came in and stayed and went, nor ever ceased to smile.

Stevenson described their life at Silverado in the final chapter of *The Silverado Squatters*. The first two paragraphs will serve to recapture the setting of the romantic episode.

"I must try to convey some notion of our life, of how the days passed and what pleasure we took in them, of what there was to do and how we set about doing it, in our mountain hermitage. The house, after we had repaired the worst of the damages, and filled in some of the doors and windows with white cotton cloth, became a healthy and a pleasant dwelling-place, always airy and dry, and haunted by the outdoor perfumes of the glen. Within, it had the look of habitation, the human look. You had only to go into the third room, which we did not use, and see its stones, its sifting earth, its tumbled litter; and then return to our lodging, with the beds made, the plates on the rack, the pail of bright water behind the door, the stove crackling in a corner, and perhaps the table roughly laid against a meal—and man's order, the little clean spots that he creates to dwell in, were at once contrasted with the rich passivity of nature. And yet our house was everywhere so wrecked and shattered, the air came and went so freely, the sun found so many portholes, the golden outdoor glow shone in so many open chinks, that we enjoyed, at the same time, some of the comforts of a roof and much of the gaiety and brightness of al fresco life. A single shower of rain, to be sure, and we should have been drowned out like mice. But ours was a California summer, and an earthquake was a far likelier accident than a shower of rain.

"Trustful in this fine weather, we kept the house for kitchen and bedroom, and used the platform as our summer parlour. The sense of privacy, as I have said already, was complete. We could look over the dump on miles of forest and rough hilltop; our eyes commanded some of Napa Valley, where the train ran, and the little country townships sat so close together along the line of the rail. But here there was no man to intrude. So our

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days, as they were never interrupted, drew out to the greater length; hour melted insensibly into hour; the household duties, though they were many, and some of them laborious, dwindled into mere islets of business in a sea of sunny daytime; and it appears to me, looking back, as though the far greater part of our life at Silverado had been passed, propped upon an elbow, or seated on a plank, listening to the silence that there is among the hills."

CARL IRVING WHEAT

1892 - 1966

CARL IRVING WHEAT was born December 5, 1892, in Holliston, Massachusetts. When he was about six years of age his family migrated to California and eventually settled near Los Angeles. He graduated from Pomona College, Claremont, in 1915, with a Phi Beta Kappa key and a bachelor's degree cum laude, and in 1959 the college conferred upon him the honorary degree of LL.D. In 1920 he graduated from Harvard University Law School.

Carl was admitted to the California Bar in 1920 and soon afterward joined the legal staff of the California Railroad Commission, serving as its chief counsel from 1924 to 1929. Most of his professional career was spent in the field of public utility law.

He became a member of The Book Club of California in February 1926, and at the Annual Meeting in March 1927 was elected to its Board of Directors. He continued to serve on the Board until he moved south, in 1933, on becoming public utility counsel for the City of Los Angeles.

After spending a few years in Washington, D. C., with the Federal Government, he resumed the private practice of the law in 1938. The firm of Wheat, May & Shannon had offices in San Francisco, Los Angeles and Washington, and Carl once more made his home in the Bay Area. He had maintained his membership in the Book Club during his absence, and on his return was again elected a member of its Board. He continued on the Board until March 1958, serving as president from March 1955 to March 1957.

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He died at his home in Menlo Park on June 23, 1966, leaving his widow, Helen Millspaugh Wheat, whom he had married on September 22, 1919, and two sons: Francis M., an attorney in Washington, D. C., and Richard P., a physician practicing in Los Altos, California.

Here space does not permit mention of all his activities in such organizations as the California Historical Society, the Roxburghe Club of San Francisco, the Historical Society of Southern California, the Zamorano Club of Los Angeles and the American Antiquarian Society, nor can the story of the revival of the Ancient and Honorable Order of E Clampus Vitus be told. The imposing array of his scholarly publications in the field of California and Western American history, which culminated in the monumental five-volume *Mapping the Transmississippi West, 1540-1861*, also cannot be listed here.

Carl Wheat will long be remembered for his energy and drive and for his genial and affable spirit. He enjoyed and was enjoyed by his fellow men.

George L. Harding

LOUISE FARROW BARR

1887 - 1966

LOUISE FARROW BARR, for many years a member of The Book Club of California, died on March 16th. A graduate of Vassar, she had a distinguished career at Mills College where she served from 1925 to 1942 as first curator of the Albert M. Bender Collection of Rare Books and Manuscripts. Meticulous and thorough in everything she did, she set a high standard for her successors.

During this period Mrs. Barr wrote *Presses of Northern California and Their Books, 1900-1933* (University of California Press, 1934). This pioneer work, which grew out of her studies for the Master's degree at the U. C. School of Librarianship, remains an invaluable aid to anyone concerned with fine printing in the Bay Area.

After leaving Mills, Mrs. Barr served briefly as a librarian for the U.S. Navy at Treasure Island and then as medical librarian at Oak Knoll Hospital. She held the latter position until her retirement a few years ago.

M. M. C.

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Elected to Membership

THE FOLLOWING have been elected since the publication of the Spring *News-Letter*:

<i>Member</i>	<i>Address</i>	<i>Sponsor</i>
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Kent State University Library	Kent, Ohio	Membership Committee
Orange County Library	Orange	Membership Committee

New Sustaining Members

THE TWO classifications of membership above Regular Membership are Patron Memberships, \$100 a year, and Sustaining Memberships, \$25 a year. The following have changed from Regular to Sustaining Membership:

Mrs. B. J. Baum	San Francisco
Grant Dahlstrom	Pasadena
Philip G. Duffy	Stanford
William M. Fitzhugh, Jr., M.D.	Monterey
Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Hamilton	Atherton
Lewis A. Lapham	New York, N. Y.
John Lloyd-Butler	Saticoy, Calif.

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Annual Meeting

THE ANNUAL MEETING of The Book Club of California was held at the Club rooms on March 15. President Harrison reviewed the events of the year, noting that it had been a successful one because of the continuing support of the membership and the loyal service of the various committees and their chairmen.

William P. Barlow, Jr. and John A. Hussey were re-elected to the Board of Directors for another three-year term. Julius Barclay declined re-election due to his pending sabbatical in Europe, and George L. Harding and Albert Sperisen were ineligible for re-election, having filled two terms on the Board. To replace these three the members elected Mrs. R. F. Ferguson, Warren R. Howell (a former Director) and Jane Wilson.

At the subsequent Board meeting, the incumbent officers were re-elected for another year: Michael Harrison, President; Duncan H. Olmsted, Vice-President; and William P. Barlow, Jr., Treasurer. Committee chairmen appointed for the year are listed on the inside front cover.

Notes on Publications

THE FALL PUBLICATION will be a book that should appeal to the members' varied interests: Californiana, typography, literary history, and first editions.

It is titled *The Private Press Ventures of Samuel Lloyd Osbourne and Robert Louis Stevenson* and is written by James D. Hart.

It is Californiana because it was in this state that eleven-year-old Sam Osbourne printed his first publications, aided by Robert Louis Stevenson, who had just married Sam's mother. It is of typographic interest because it gives a complete account of an unusual private press, even though one would not remember it for aesthetic achievement. It is literary because it gives a far fuller description than heretofore available of Stevenson's associations with the youngster for whom he wrote *Treasure Island*. It is a first edition because it identifies and reprints for the first time some writing by RLS, although admittedly very minor stuff.

Professor Hart has edited several previous Club publications, including Stevenson's *San Francisco*, but this is his first full text for us. It follows hard upon another bit of Stevensoniana that he created, the edition of a text he titled *From Scotland to Silverado*, a fall publication of another book club, one called the Book-of-the-Month Club. Our book will contain handsome reproductions (well, as handsome as the originals will permit) of twenty-five

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of the Osbourne-Stevenson publications, and at least six of these will be reproduced as separate pamphlets, looking just like the little originals that young Sam and his stepfather created.

The book itself will be printed by Lawton Kennedy, from whom we have not had a publication since his magnificent setting for Professor Muscatine's *The Book of Geoffrey Chaucer* in 1963.

The edition is limited to 500 copies priced at \$18.50. An early order will probably be advisable for those members who are interested in Californiana, typography, literary history, or first editions. Others can take their chances.

The 1966 Keepsakes

THOUGH THEY ARE now almost completely out of fashion, the eye catching pictorial trade cards—some humorous, some beautiful, some entirely businesslike—that merchants once distributed to advertise their goods or services are fondly remembered. These cards have been a feature of California commerce from the early 1850's, or perhaps even earlier, down to the present day. In addition to such artistic merits as they may possess, they are valuable historical records, revealing more than at first appears about the social and business conditions of their times.

For its 1966 Keepsakes The Book Club of California will issue reproductions of nine early California trade cards. At least four will be in full color, and in selecting subjects emphasis has been given to cards of firms still in existence. Mrs. Margot Patterson Doss of the San Francisco *Chronicle* is the editor of the series, and Grabhorn-Hoyem is the designer-printer. The Keepsakes will be distributed in a single mailing, probably quite late in the year.

A Note about Slipcases

DURING RECENT YEARS the Club has kept the price of slipcases constant, despite increases in the cost of materials and in postal rates. One way we can economize is by trying to make mailing procedures more efficient: by wrapping and sending as many slipcases as possible at one time, and by enclosing the keepsakes in them, thereby saving on postage. Members who have customarily ordered slipcases individually each year after receiving their keepsakes can help keep costs down, and ensure speedier delivery, by putting in a standing order now for slipcases, either all-cloth (\$4.00 each) or leather-backed (\$5.00 each).

The Book Club of California

Exhibitions

IN THE *News-Letter* for Winter 1965 we mentioned that an exhibit of hobby press printing by Book Club members was contemplated. This exhibit is now scheduled to coincide with the publication of the Fall book, James D. Hart's volume on the private press of Robert Louis Stevenson and Samuel Lloyd Osbourne (see *Notes on Publications* in this issue). The Club already has a unique collection of work from members' presses; but the Exhibit Committee hopes also to display work by presses not yet represented, as well as new work by those that are. All members with hobby presses are invited to submit their productions by September 30, together with a brief explanation of how the press acquired its name (if it has one).

Serendipity

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON addicts, be they collectors or just plain readers, or both, will find themselves in debt to James D. Hart, Chairman of the Department of English, University of California at Berkeley, for his newly edited collection of those writings of Stevenson which relate to his romantic journey to the United States in pursuit of Fanny Osbourne and the eventual honeymoon of this couple at Silverado Mine. Under an appropriate title *From Scotland To Silverado* (The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press; 287 pp; \$5.95), Dr. Hart has brought under one cover *The Amateur Emigrant*, *The Silverado Squatters*, and four essays on California under the general title of *The Old and New Pacific Capitals*.

Through the courtesy of the Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library at Yale, Dr. Hart has produced for the Stevenson collector what might technically be considered a first edition. *The Amateur Emigrant* has been de-bowdlerized and the previously unpublished text inserted, within diamond brackets, and in its proper place, increasing the text content by thirty percent; whereas among the essays on the Pacific Coast capitals, "San Carlos Day" has not appeared before in a book, and "Simoneau's at Monterey" is printed for the first time. *The Silverado Squatters* contains in footnotes four brief passages from the original serialization in *Century Magazine* which have never before been included in a book version. For the Stevenson reader, Dr. Hart's book is a special treat, not only because these writings are now available in such complete form and with such splendid annotations, but also because of a lively introduction which lends deeper meaning to the text by retracing the romantic episode in the lives of Louis and Fanny Stevenson which gave occasion for these writings in the first place.

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It is an exciting year for the Stevensonian, as following sharply on the heels of Dr. Hart's book for the general public is the Club's selection for the Fall, *The Private Press Ventures of Samuel Lloyd Osbourne and Robert Louis Stevenson*, also by Dr. Hart, and announced elsewhere in this issue.

N. H. S.

THE SIXTH CALIFORNIA Antiquarian Book Fair will be held at the Sheraton-Palace Hotel in San Francisco on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, October 27-29, 1966. The Fair will be open from noon to 9 p.m. except on Saturday when the hours will be noon to 6 p.m. Thirty exhibitors, including book and autograph dealers from Europe and the East and West Coasts of America, will be showing interesting old books, manuscripts, old maps, prints, drawings, autographs, etc. Everything will be for sale. Admission will be free.

In addition, the Public Library of San Francisco will exhibit some of its treasures, especially selections of early printing from the recently acquired Robert Grabhorn Collection. These, naturally, will not be for sale. All members of The Book Club of California are cordially invited to attend.

DAWSON'S BOOK SHOP has recently produced another volume in their Famous California Trials Series, this being No. 6, and titled *K-344 or The Indians of California versus the United States*, by Book Club member Kenneth M. Johnson, with a foreword by Homer D. Crotty.

It can be said without fear of contradiction that the Indians of California received worse treatment from the white man, both as an individual and as a government, than any other Indian group in the United States. A case in point is the subject of the present volume—a suit brought against the United States on the basis of 18 treaties which were signed by the Indians in good faith, never ratified by the United States Senate which laid down the injunction of secrecy upon them, and which were then filed away in the secret archives of the United States Senate and never brought to light until 1905.

This volume will, I am sure, whet the appetite to do more reading on the subject of the treatment of the Indians in California.

The edition is limited to 500 copies, printed by Richard J. Hoffman at the California State College at Los Angeles, and sells for \$7.50.

M. H.

THE BOOK CLUB's library has received from the heirs of Louise Farrow Barr, a long time Club member, all of the existing material used in the preparation of her book, *Presses of Northern California and Their Books*, published in 1934.

The Book Club of California

The material includes Mrs. Barr's librarianship thesis, which formed the basis for the book, manuscripts, corrected proofs, a copy of the book marked with subsequent additions and corrections, and over one hundred letters from printers, publishers, and collectors.

Also included in the gift to the Club were a number of books from California presses needed in the typographical collection and a nearly complete run of the *Quarterly News-Letter* which has helped to fill in the sets of several members.

The Library Committee is also happy to report that Alfred A. Knopf has donated to the Club a set of the private-press keepsakes printed in honor of his 50th anniversary in publishing that were described in the Spring issue of the *Quarterly*. These are indeed a welcome addition to the private-press collection.

CLUB MEMBER Lewis Osborne has established a new publishing house, at 577 College Avenue, Palo Alto 94306. He intends to specialize in Western Americana and classic English and American literature. The new firm's first production is a limited edition published for subscribers to *The American West* magazine: Virginia Reed's *Across the Plains with the Donner Party*, a printing in book form of a survivor's account that originally appeared in an issue of *Century Magazine* in 1890. A foreword by George Stewart and a Bibliography are included. The book is very attractively designed, with a type face (Bell) that contributes a period effect, marginalia in a second color, and fifteen illustrations by Remington, Nahl and other artists of the time. In format it is similar to another book recently designed by Mr. Osborne and printed by Penlitho Press, Menlo Park, once again for distribution to *American West* readers (who quickly bought out the entire edition). This was John Bidwell's *The First Emigrant Train to California*, another reprint from the *Century*, with illustrations by Remington and foreword by Oscar Lewis. Through the generosity of designer-publisher Osborne, the Club library now has a copy of each of these volumes.

THE BOOK CLUB has received the 1964 edition of the useful and informative annual *Private Press Books*, published by the Private Libraries Association (41 Cuckoo Hill Road, Pinner, Middlesex, England). Book Club members are well represented in this year's volume: Adagio Press (Leonard F. Bahr, Harper Woods, Michigan); The Allen Press (Lewis and Dorothy Allen, Kentfield, California); Auerhahn Press (Andrew Hoyem and Dave Haselwood, San Francisco); Little Press of Este Es (John R. Evans,

Quarterly News-Letter

Parker, Colorado); Ye Galleon Press (Glen Adams, Fairfield, Washington); Grace Hoper Press (Sherwood and Katherine Grover, Aptos, California); Hart Press (James D. Hart, Berkeley); Innominate Press (Blaine Lewis, Louisville, Kentucky); New Laboratory Press (Jack W. Stauffacher, now at Stanford University Press); Nova Press (William P. Barlow, Jr., Oakland); and Two Horse Press (H. D. and Armida M-T Colt, New York). Presses from the United States that wish to have their work listed in future issues should send copies to Roderick Cave, School of Librarianship, Loughborough College of Further Education, Loughborough, Leicestershire, England. *Private Press Books 1964* is indexed and also contains a section on "The Literature of Private Printing." (72 pp.; 15/- or \$2.50)

Volume numbering of the Quarterly News-Letter

ALTHOUGH THE *Index to the Quarterly News-Letter . . . 1955-1965*, issued in June, does not bear a volume number, it is actually Volume XXXI, Number 3 (Summer 1966).



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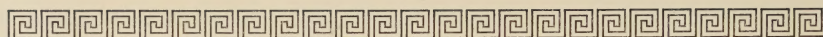
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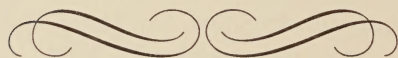
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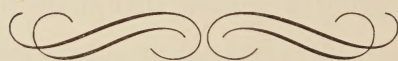
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